The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1921 NUMBER 338

Contents

The Week 363

Editorials

- The Passing of Force? 365
- Toward European Recovery 368
- The Times and the Lusk Bills 369

General Articles

- Pseudo-Americanization, I ..... Edward Hale Bierstadt 371
- The Farewell ..... Elizabeth Bibesco 373
- Disraeli and Queen Victoria, II ..... Lytton Strachey 375
- Hiram Johnson At Large Again ..... John W. Owens 378

Poems ..... Walter de la Mare 380

Books and Things ..... P. L. 381

Reviews of Books

- Leonid Andreyev ..... Clarendon Ross 382
- Zell ..... R. H. 382
- Personnel Administration ..... Arthur E. Suffern 383
- So This Is Bohemia! ..... Donald Ogden Stewart 384
- Body and Soul ..... R. L. 384
- Mr. O'Neill's Plays ..... V. S. G. L. 386
- Bernard Shaw on Keats ..... E. W. 386

Selected Current Books 386

The Week

IT would be deplorable for anything like a permanent and irretrievable break between Great Britain and France to occur either over the Silesian or any other question of European policy; but if the French government continues to pursue the policy which it has pursued since the armistice, we do not see how a self-respecting British government can ultimately avoid a break. The present rulers of France are not playing fair. They have systematically labored and schemed to exploit a victory which was won with the assistance of British, Italian and American troops on behalf of an aggressively nationalistic French policy, which would have made France the dominant political and economic power on the continent of Europe at the expense not only of her enemies but of her Allies. Again and again the British government has checked the French military party by forcing it to abandon some particularly obnoxious proposal, but it always comes back with a new invention designed to emasculate Germany, to keep the hostility and the hatreds of the war alive and to consolidate French military supremacy in Europe. It is indefatigable, ingenious, furtive and absolutely ruthless. Its policy deprives France of allies and friends. It forces the other Powers to act either as her accomplices or her opponents.

AT present British resentment is aroused because of the underground and open support which the French officials have given to Korfanty in his attempt to seize the Silesian coal fields by a coup d'état. On the other hand Lloyd George intensified the most alarmist apprehensions of the French government when he suggested the use of German troops to put down the insurrection. The one thing that France seems absolutely determined to prevent is any arrangement whatsoever which implies the use of power or force in international politics by Germany. Whatever else Germany becomes, she must remain permanently powerless to resist the decisions which the victors choose to impose on her. That determination is the major premise of French foreign policy. The Allied victory destroyed the balance of power in Europe which Great Britain had fought so many wars to create and sustain. France proposes to keep it destroyed, but instead of using its destruction to create in its place a concert of nations, pledged to respect certain essential rules of international comity, it is merely substituting an arbitrary and egotistic military dictatorship. For our part we are unable to see either how such a dictatorship can continue to be endurable or what can bring it to an end unless, as Mr. Lloyd George suggested, Germany be permitted to use her own force to protect herself against the attack of her neighbors. In that remark the Prime Minister of the British Empire intimates that if France persists in exploiting the joint victory for her own exclusive benefit, Great Britain may have to resume

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her historic policy of maintaining a balance rather than a preponderance of power in Europe.

SHOULD Great Britain and France break on the question of substituting a new balance of power in Europe for the present dictatorship, Great Britain would be entitled to the sympathy and support of this country. America's chief interest in Europe is to restore to that continent a pacified, stabilized and prosperous condition. As long as France exercises her present military dictatorship, Europe cannot become either appeased or prosperous or stable. Yet we doubt whether Great Britain alone or even Great Britain plus Italy is capable of effectively resisting the French. The time is coming when France will act alone or with the support of her tributary states in Central Europe. When that time comes, there will be no way of redressing the balance of power in the old world save by calling in the new. The New Republic has quoted this phrase of Canning's many times. We have done so because it really expresses the most fundamental aspect of America's new relationship to Europe. There is a grave danger of sheer anarchy and social dissolution in Europe if Great Britain attempts to restore the balance without American support. But with American support France could not resist for long any more than Germany could during the war. American mediation in the interest either of a new balance of power or of a genuine League of Nations, including both vanquished and victors, is indispensable. A rare opportunity and an immense responsibility confront the American government.

SO far the Harding administration has refused to exhibit the slightest official interest in the Silesian question. It has repeatedly declared its indifference to European boundary disputes and the Silesian question hangs, of course, on a disputed boundary. If, however, it really wishes to use its influence on behalf of a more stable Europe, it will, we predict, have to modify the inflexibility of its attitude. The recovery of Europe depends quite as much on a wise and just settlement of disputed boundaries as it does upon a wise and just determination of Germany's ability to pay an indemnity. The popular discussion of Article X of the League Covenant did not fasten upon the real objection to that contract. Article X did not impose a doubtful obligation on the United States because it placed the authority of the League behind certain territorial settlements. Every vital association of nations must directly or indirectly seek to give some security to boundaries. The objection was rather that the boundaries laid down in the Treaty were drawn in a wholly arbitrary way and that in guaranteeing their perpetuity the League was risking its authority on many unjust decisions. The result of these decisions will keep Europe embroiled for generations and the United States, if it is to play any positive part in the restoration of European order, cannot ignore these disputes and pretend that it has nothing to do with them. The Silesian question itself is a perfect example of the way in which a disputed boundary reacts unfavorably upon the whole economic and political condition of Europe.

REMOVAL of obstacles to Russian trade can accomplish nothing, according to the doctrines of our State Department, so long as the Soviet regime stands. Russia can produce nothing under that system, and therefore can have neither goods nor credit to offer in exchange. But that doctrine appears excessively dogmatic in the light of the figures for the movement of goods into Russia through the port of Reval. From August to November, 1920, these shipments were valued at 774,000,000 Esthonian marks, about $13,000,000, or at the rate of about $40,000,000 a year. At the same time goods in large quantities were being shipped into Russia through Riga and through the Black Sea ports, but the figures are inaccessible. A statement from Izvestia reproduced in the Soviet Russia magazine for May 14th gives the details of goods imported throughout 1920. They are of great variety; for the most part machinery and materials of production. They do not suggest exactly an economic vacuum. The same issue of Soviet Russia gives the official Soviet figures for stocks of goods available for immediate export. They amount to $105,000,000 at present values, about half of which consists in petroleum products and a quarter in flax and hemp. With all due allowance for the possibility that these statistics may be somewhat inflated, it still remains apparent that a profitable trade with Russia is possible, and that our British and Scandinavian and German competitors have good reason to congratulate themselves that practical Americans can't see that.

THE trade agreement between Soviet Russia and England has at last been placed on a practical footing through a decision of the British Court of Appeals that the Soviet government has been recognized as a de facto government, and consequently that it does not fall within the province of the British courts to determine title to goods confiscated by that government, either since or be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore recognition. This means that now for the first time British merchants can exchange their goods for Russian gold or goods without running the risk that the latter may be seized in the name of Russians claiming title under the old regime. The practical importance of the decision appears from the fact that not only was title to identifiable objects questioned, but also title to the products of enterprises confiscated by the Soviet government and since operated by it. The political importance of it consists in the confirmation of the Russo-British agreement, which could have been voided by the Soviet government if the decision had gone the other way. That agreement, we must recall, not only covered commercial matters, but regulated propaganda and political and military intervention, in the interest of peace in eastern Europe and Asia.

ACCOUNTS in British papers recently arrived make it possible to unravel in large part the mystery of the sudden collapse of the Triple Alliance strike called to help the miners. From the very beginning of the crisis the ranks of the representatives of the railroad and transport workers, divided among themselves, were poisoned, shaken by the gospel of "defeatism" spread by some of their leaders, and when a strike was finally called for April 15th, there was much half-heartedness concealed behind this apparent determination. On April 14th Mr. Hodges, the miners' leader, gave the impromptu gathering of members of the House to understand that the miners would consider a temporary settlement, and would allow the discussion of the question of a national pool to be postponed. The next day the miners' executive repudiated Mr. Hodges's action as unauthorized, and by a very small majority refused Mr. Lloyd George's offer to resume negotiations. Would they have done so had they known that their refusal would give the Triple Alliance cause to call off the strike? Probably not. At any rate their decision, when reported to the Triple Alliance leaders, reached ground where fear, uncertainty, and distrust had already been growing, and the already cold feet of the Triple Alliance were definitely congealed. They doubted the willingness and ability of their own members to strike, the government's array of force seemed to them more formidable than it really was, and they feared the consequences of a general strike. The miners' refusal was the loophole; the defeatists won, and without any more discussion with the miners, the bare statement—without explanation—that the strike was off was given out, not to the miners, but to the press.

AND here is the most curious part of the mystery. The Triple Alliance could not realize that a decision to support the miners would have brought, not social war, but a settlement. For at the very moment they were planning their surrender the government was also planning a surrender of its own. The members of Parliament who had heard first the owners' and then the miners' case the day before were strongly impressed with the justice of much that the miners claimed. This state of mind, when communicated to the Cabinet, had a very disquieting effect. The support of Parliament for any fight to the finish was highly doubtful. Accordingly the government decided that negotiations should be resumed on a basis acceptable to the miners. But the decision of the Triple Alliance's surrender was the first to be made public and made the government's announcement of its surrender unnecessary. Fate rested on a few minutes' difference between the times of the two decisions. The first decision to be published was the one that made history. As the New Statesman aptly remarked: "There are battles in history—even in very modern history—which have come down as victories for the side which first found out that the other side had run away."

The Passing of Force?

For the moment we have overwhelming force on our side, and Germany must submit. The future is dark and uncertain, and none can tell what it is charged with. The only thing I venture to predict is that force will count less and less with the Treaty of Versailles, and the honor and credit of Germany's signature to her bond will count more and more.

But if circumstances change and the power of these 60,000,000 of very powerful people, able, courageous and resourceful, is, I will not say regained, but becomes more vital, it ought to and will count more and more.

From a recent speech of Mr. Lloyd George.

THAT the reparations crisis should have come and gone without the occupation of the Ruhr Basin by the French army is a circumstance for which every lover of peace has reason to be thankful. The seizure of the strategic centre of German industry by France would have been one of those acts of destructive violence, comparable to the partition of Poland, which bring suffering and bloodshed on many generations of men. Until the troops were withdrawn and the damage they had done partly repaired, it would have been absurd to talk about permanent disarmament or to expect peace and goodwill to exist among the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

European peoples. We agree consequently with Mr. John Maynard Keynes in believing that Germany selected the less of two evils by accepting the ultimatum and by depriving the military party in France of an immediate excuse to seize the Ruhr. The costs of the seizure would have been incalculably great and under the circumstances it was worth while to avoid them even by the unmoral expedient of the acceptance of terms by Germany which the majority of the German people believe themselves unable to carry out.

But American public opinion should not regard the passing of the crisis without violence as the settlement of the reparations problem. It is merely a breathing space that Germany and the world have obtained rather than a solution or a conclusion.

Some time soon a new crisis will arise. It may already have arisen in Silesia. It is as certain as anything can be that Germany will default on some part of the contract. She will default because you cannot expect a people to brace themselves for forty years of self-denial and hard work which the fulfillment of the contract demands, when consent to the contract was obtained by the most ruthless compulsion. Once Germany defaults, the French military party will have a better excuse for the seizure of the Ruhr than it hoped to have last week. Germany will have reached the end of her tether and will not have the power, by issuing any more irredeemable promises, to avert the catastrophe. It can only be averted by one difficult and courageous act. Great Britain, Italy and the United States will have to inform France that they will consider the seizure of the Ruhr as an evidence of unfriendliness towards them. Sooner or later they must do something, if Europe is ever to be stabilized, to protect Germany, whom they have deprived of the weapons to protect herself, against the hatred of the French military chauvinists.

Such is not, of course, the prevailing interpretation of the events of the first ten days in May. Ordinarily the acceptance by Germany of the Allied ultimatum was hailed as a triumph of the wise and righteous use of force, which prevented a criminal from escaping the penalties of crime. In the words of the New York Times, "The whole is a marked vindication of French policy, and its triumph will not lapse with the immediate occasion. France has found out the way to deal with an evasive and untrustworthy Germany. It is a way just as valid for the future as it has been shown to be for the present. Whenever Germany sees a chance to escape from any provision of the Treaty, she will embrace it. Then will appear the continuing efficacy of the remedy which the French have discovered." All this and much more to the same effect from one of the most vociferous supporters of a League of Nations which is supposed to stabilize international relationships on a foundation of conference and consent.

If the verdict of the Times is accepted by public opinion in this country and Great Britain, it will ignore the only possible wholesome and hopeful interpretation of the policy which the English government has contrived in order to obtain a breathing space and avoid the seizure of the Ruhr. The interpretation of the Times renounces any attempt or any hope to restore in Europe a regime of consent, of mutual confidence and of conference among equals. It contemplates an indefinitely prolonged regime of terror and violence, which would ultimately result in the seizure of the Ruhr and the confirmation of an irreconcilable feud between the French and German peoples. We are certain that the sober and humane people in England, in this country and in France will try to avoid this consummation. A few weeks ago it looked as if they could not succeed, but since the terms of the ultimatum were divulged and Germany accepted it, a small chance of success has appeared. Europe may yet escape the catastrophe which the French chauvinists and their British and American accomplices have tried and are still trying to bring about. Let us put that chance in words that may have formed in the mind of some English follower of Lloyd George who seeks to justify the tortuous policy of that statesman during the past few months.

"There are two clues," he might assert, "to the recent behavior of the British government. The first is a determination not, at least for the present, to break away from the Treaty of Versailles as the only possible existing foundation of European order. The second is so to execute the economic clauses of that Treaty as to secure the survival of Germany and to prevent French chauvinism from wholly emasculating German economic vitality and political self-respect. In carrying out the first of these policies we had to be harsh, uncompromising and even truculent. We were obliged to vindicate the authority of the Treaty at any cost on the occasion of such a decisive moment in its execution as May 1st, 1921. If we had not insisted on the whole of the Treaty and on nothing but the Treaty, if we had not scolded and bulldozed the Germans, the prestige of the document would have suffered, the Germans would have felt encouraged to ignore its most burdensome provisions and the French could have plausibly ac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cused us of betraying them. We were obliged even to support the seizure of the Ruhr in the event of German obduracy for, if we had refused to endorse this extreme penalty, the French military party might have gone up in the air and precipitated a crisis with which we could not deal. This rough stuff was a necessary part of the play. We had imposed the Treaty by force on Germany and unless we put up a fierce and uncompromising front, we could not sufficiently cow the Germans or reassure the French.

"But under the cover of this harsh and truculent aspect, we were preparing and obtaining French consent to a compromise which was from the German point of view an enormous improvement on the Paris terms. In Paris we provided for an ascending scale of fixed payments in the equivalent of gold which at the end of a few years would amount to 6,000,000,000 marks or $1,500,000,000. But in the London ultimatum we reduced this definite payment to $500,000,000 a year, which, as economists are agreed, is a possible figure and at the same time we satisfied France by providing for the additional contribution of a flexible amount which was to be measured by twenty-six per cent of the German exports. Under this arrangement we forced Germany to promise the payment of a moderate fixed sum and we delivered her from the necessity of paying the remainder unless German prosperity was restored. Furthermore, while we insisted on the immediate payment of interest on the first two series of bonds amounting approximately to $12,000,000,000, we waived interest on the other two-thirds of the indemnity. The ultimatum, that is, leaves the value of the final $20,000,000,000 problematical and the liability on German industry contingent. This, we submit, was a bargain to which we could with a clear conscience force even a reluctant German to consent. The sums which we are coercing her to promise to pay are large, but they are not impossible. The compulsory contributions do not much exceed the sum which the German government itself offered.

"If the German nation honestly does its best to meet its obligation under the ultimatum, it can hereafter count upon British friendship and assistance. When Mr. Lloyd George predicted that hereafter force will count less and less in the execution of the Treaty of Versailles and the honor and credit of Germany's signature to her bond more and more, he chose his words carefully. He was delivering notice to the French military party and to the worshippers of force, such as the New York Times, in America, England and France that hereafter the British government would protect a Germany which, even though in default, was in good faith laboring to meet its liabilities, and we would protect her particularly against the threat of penalties whose manifest object was not the collection of damages but the destruction of her economic vitality and political self-respect. In so far as we feel sure that the Germans are doing their best and are not evading the obligations which they are capable of meeting, we will guarantee to Germany the right to survive and to recover. To that end we will, if necessary, openly and vigorously oppose the French military party."

The New Republic does not claim that the foregoing interpretation of the recent policy of the British government is certainly true. Neither do we assert that, even if true, it is a wise and a probably successful policy. But the newspapers have supplied many indications during the past week of its probable truth, of which Mr. Lloyd George's speech on the Silesian civil war is the clearest and most important. Apparently the military party in France is rapidly exhausting the patience of the British government, so that we may soon find that government cast for the astonishing but not unfamiliar part of the protector of Germany against French military aggression. Unless Great Britain and America ultimately afford such protection, there can be no such thing as European stabilization. The most deadly enemy of the economic recovery of Europe is not the reluctance of Germany to execute the terms of the Treaty. It is the ambition of the French military party to use the Treaty as a weapon with which to render Germany politically and economically impotent. Sooner or later the governments of those peoples who wish to do away with the unrest, the recriminations, the suspicions, the hatreds and the convulsions which a regime of deliberate and systematic violence inevitably creates will have to resist France and assist Germany. If it was necessary, as our supposititious Englishman argued, first to coerce Germany in order to earn the right to protect her, and first to egg France on in order finally to earn the right to oppose her, so let it be. Politics during the years in which the nations are recovering from such a moral earthquake as a world war is doubtless an anomalous business, in which the immediate emergency is all-important. Statesmen may have to dynamite buildings and kindle fires in order to deprive the major conflagration of fuel. While a sensible onlooker may be sceptical, he should be willing to abide the event.

But one prophecy we are willing to risk with some confidence. Unless force, as Mr. Lloyd George declares, soon counts for less and less in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany's signature to her most solemn engagements is bound soon to become worthless. The will and the ability of any nation to redeem its promises, particularly when those promises condemn it to a prolonged and exhausting purgatory of self-denial and unremunerative labor, depend upon its self-possession. In the case of Germany ever since the armistice was signed, there has existed an effective conspiracy in all the Allied countries to destroy what self-respect the Germans had managed to retain at the end of the war and to prevent them from associating any dignity or security of position with their experiment in republicanism and democracy.

Lloyd George a year or so ago compared Germany to an invertebrate animal, but invertebracy, sullenness, suppressed rage, cynicism and moral disintegration are the inevitable result of being lectured, brow-beaten, bullied and threatened with unimaginable penalties whenever she has a difference of opinion with her conquerors. At one moment she is held up to reprobation as congenitally untrustworthy because she does not keep her promises. At another moment she is chided by such sound moralists as the New York Evening Post because she hesitates to promise the fulfillment of a contract the execution of which she believes to be impossible. If politicians and journalists in the Allied countries want to bring back economic stability and political appeasement to a distempered and tortured world, they will soon have to abandon this cheap and popular form of sport. It creates a state of mind in Germany and out of it which renders such crimes of violence as the proposed occupation of the Ruhr by the French army ultimately inevitable.

Toward European Recovery

MAY it be assumed that Europe has reached her lowest depths of postwar distress and is now gradually, though almost imperceptibly, moving upward toward order? It would be rash to disregard the danger that the Silesian question may lead to an explosion that will plunge the whole continent into hopeless chaos. Nevertheless, there is now a much more hopeful tone in the comment of competent observers of international affairs. The indemnity terms, while still requiring much further revision in order to make the capital value of the indemnity available as a financial asset, do nevertheless leave to Germany a zone of shelter within which she can set to work on the repair of her economic structure. The motive of extracting money out of Germany has become sharply differentiated from the motive of ruining Germany, and British and Italian policy has repudiated the latter motive. American influence, so far as it counts at all, is on the same side. That leaves France isolated in her policy of crushing and dismembering Germany. Lloyd George's criticism of Polish policy in Silesia, with its implied criticism of the French policy which supports Polish imperialism, merely gives public expression to a relation which has long been evident. France, as an economically self-contained nation, might view with indifference the decay of Central Europe. England must live by trade, and trade can not flourish so long as Central Europe is the prey of civil war and anarchy.

The indemnity settlement and the clearing up of British policy are two important steps toward European recovery. But no very rapid progress can be made until the several nations have brought order into their financial and currency systems. England may possibly bear up under her national debt of nearly forty billion dollars. British industry and commerce have exhibited unimpaired vigor since the war, and may bring into the country wealth enough to make possible the payment of two billions of interest annually, besides some surplus for reducing the principal of the debt. Leaving out of account the Balkanized lesser nations of Central Europe, Germany stands at the other extreme. She has a domestic debt of nearly fifty billion dollars—together with an indemnity of over thirty billions. Nothing can be plainer than the impossibility of paying the interest and principal of a debt of this magnitude. A nation whose private income can not now exceed seven or eight billions in gold, and which can not be expected to exceed twelve billions within the next decade, can not possibly pay four billions in interest on its debt. There is no known fiscal expedient capable of collecting from one third to one half of all incomes, big and little. In one way or another, much the greater part of Germany's domestic debt will have to be written off.

The financial position of France is much less unfavorable, yet it is intolerable. The French debt, if we include uncovered paper issues of every kind, can not be much less than fifty billion dollars, face value. Against this sum may be set whatever France may recover from Germany. According to an agreement of the Allied Powers, which we believe still stands, France receives fifty-one per cent of the indemnity. That would give her something over fifteen billions, if Germany ever pays in full all three series of obligations she has formally assumed. But under the terms of her agreement with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Allies, Germany will never pay full interest on Series C until her export trade reaches the improbable level of six billion dollars a year. We are extremely sceptical about the financial reality of Series C. We doubt that Germany will ever be held to pay more than the interest and principal of the first two series, aggregating twelve billion and a half. Of that sum, France will receive not more than six and a third billions of dollars, an insignificant offset to fifty billions of debt. Say that France receives from Germany enough to cut her debt to forty billion dollars. Can she pay the interest on that sum? Two billions would be required, out of a national income that will hover around ten billions when European trade becomes normal.

The condition of Italy is apparently more favorable, but only apparently. Her debt does not exceed twenty billions. Her per capita debt is little more than one-half that of France. But the per capita earnings of the Italian population are much lower than those of the French. France has gained vast possibilities of industrial development through the annexation of Alsace Lorraine, and her colossal colonial domain contains much promise of future wealth. Italy's acquisitions of territory through the war have a sentimental rather than an economic value to the state. It is difficult to see how the Italian treasury can possibly raise the billion a year required for interest on the debt.

But all these values, it may be said, are artificial. Germany's domestic debt is not fifty billion dollars, but two hundred billion marks, and the mark is worth about one and three-quarter cents. Reduced to gold at present rates of exchange Germany's domestic debt is $3,500,000,000—not a crushing burden at all. France owes not $50,000,000,000 but 250,000,000,000 francs, and the franc is worth eight cents and a half. At present exchange the French debt is about twenty-one billions of dollars. The Italian debt is about five billions, on the same basis.

All this simply means that if the values of the mark, the franc and the lira could be fixed somewhere near their present level, the debts of Germany, France and Italy would be fairly proportionate to the capacity of those nations to pay. The markets which have fixed exchange values have incidentally passed judgment on what these billions of promises are worth. Why not cut them down, then, in some such ratio?

That would be repudiation, a word from which every statesman shrinks. But the end in view, the paring down of unpayable obligations, every real statesman must regard as one that must somehow be attained. If it can not be attained directly without too great a break with tradition can it not be attained indirectly?

The European governments have learned all there is to know about the art of inflation. They can at will keep the paper mark, franc and lira about where they are, paying their paper obligations in paper that does not rise too high. They have invented a "gold mark" for the purposes of the German indemnity. They could also invent gold francs, gold lire for purposes of foreign trade, for customs duties and for voluntary use among business men tired of a fluctuating currency. Eventually the market would fix some sort of par of exchange between the gold issues and the mass of paper issues, say one to twelve for the mark, one to four for the lira, one to two for the franc. This par of exchange could finally be given official recognition with the result that Europe would find itself on a basis of stable exchange, with debts reduced to the bearing capacity of the several nations.

We are aware that such a process apparently does grave injustice, especially to those who invested in government bonds before the war. They suffered injustice, it is true, but the injustice was done by the war makers, who loaded the nations up with debts they could not carry. The repudiation began to take place when the paper value of the sums paid in interest departed from the gold value. It is the duty of governments to undo the effects of repudiation so far as that is practicable. It is not practicable, however, to undo it entirely. What is practicable is to establish a new basis on which the currency and fiscal machinery will work without incessantly disturbing the whole scheme of production and exchange.

The Times and the Lusk Bills

FOR shameless partisan misrepresentation of facts and motives on an important public issue, nothing has happened in American journalism worse than the manner in which the New York Times has misrepresented the contents of the Lusk educational bills, and the motives of those who opposed them. Both in its news columns and on its editorial page, it has pretended that these are sedition bills, directed against no one except those who "want to change the form of our government otherwise than by amending the Constitution in the orderly and lawful ways which that document recognizes and provides." This is a downright misrepresentation of the facts. For the first Lusk bill contains not only provision against teachers who advocate illegal violence—a useless provision, since the previously existing law amply provided

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against that offense—but expressly penalizes in *addition* those who advocate a form of government "other than the government of the United States or of this state." This additional clause, if it has any meaning at all, clearly attempts to nullify the amendment clauses of our federal and state Constitution, and makes it possible for a Commissioner of Education in sympathy with Messrs. Lusk and Stevenson to revoke the license of any teacher who advocates any legal changes in our government of a kind not agreeable to Mr. Ralph Easley and other self-constituted censors of American constitutional liberties.

The second of the Lusk bills, the Times admits, is intended to close the Rand School. But the claim that the Rand School teaches sedition is again simply not true. If it did, the existing laws would have enabled the Lusk Committee and the Attorney General to close it and prosecute its teachers long ago. Equally shameless is the Times's pretension that the opposition to these bills came from "the redder radicals and, curiously enough, all of the pro-Germans and pacifists." Surely the Times knows that the Bar Association, which characterized these bills as worse than Prussianism, cannot be put in either of these categories.

On the whole, the Times's attitude here has been on a par with its exploitation of the outrageous canard about the nationalization of women in Russia. Over a year after our own State Department officially denied it, the New York Times, parading the motto "All the News That's Fit to Print," continued to refer in its photographic section as well as in its news columns to women running away from Russia to escape being nationalized.

Judging by his public statement on the occasion, Governor Miller signed the Lusk bills with a somewhat uneasy conscience. His defence for doing so is the astounding one that the bills after all mean very little. This is associated in his mind with the argument that the courts will not interpret the law so as to outlaw radical legal changes, provided they are in harmony with a "republican form of government." But though Governor Miller is a former judge, he seems clearly wrong in his contention that the United States Supreme Court held the referendum and the recall in harmony with a republican form of government. What the court clearly did rule in the Oregon case was that this question is a political one and therefore not for the courts to decide. It is, therefore, extremely doubtful whether the courts will interfere if a zealous commissioner of education, agreeing with Senator Lusk that teachers "have no right either to believe in or to advocate changes in the state or national government," should revoke the license of any teacher who believes in government ownership of railroads or that the state should not give away its own water power to private corporations. Reference to the rulings of Commissioners Finley and Finnegan in the Rodman case and in the case of the three teachers dismissed from DeWitt Clinton High School is certainly not reassuring to those who believe that the American public school system should not be modelled on the Prussian idea that the government should be respected more than the law.

In any case, no one acquainted with our public school system can have any doubt that so long as the Lusk measure is on the statute books teachers will have reason to be in constant fear of expressing any convictions on political questions. It will certainly make easier the railroading of teachers out of their positions for reasons having nothing to do with their real loyalty or their efficiency as teachers. Of course an enlightened commissioner of education, if by good luck such a one should be elected by the present Board of Regents, could do a good deal to reassure teachers that the law will not be used to enforce agreement with the political views of Lusk, Stevenson et al. But it is a sad sign of the times when a man like Governor Miller, a former judge, who is reputed to be an intelligent conservative, so violently flouts the old American conservative preference for government by law rather than by men. Previous to the Lusk measure every teacher knew that if he advocated anything illegal he forfeited his rights in the public school system. Now the fate of any teacher depends on the opinion or good will of the Commissioner of Education. That this is a thoroughly vicious situation past educational experience has amply demonstrated.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pseudo-Americanization

I

IT was about 1907, when the last great flood of immigration came into the country, that Americanization began to make itself evident. There were three elements, other than the immigrants themselves, that were more or less concerned with the problem, as indeed they are today, namely, the employers, labor, and outside agencies.

The employers were roughly divided into three classes: those who had no concern whatever with the immigrant, those who were sincerely interested in bettering his condition through general education and normal assimilation, and those who desired to keep the immigrant isolated, ignorant and comparatively helpless so that he would be unable to interest himself to any considerable extent in the industrial conflict. Unfortunately, this last class appears to have composed the majority, and even in the case of the second class in all probability the instruction the immigrant got was not ordinarily uncolored by prejudice.

Labor was not particularly interested in any sort of Americanization. In the first place it did not want immigration at all, and in the second it adopted, on the whole, a foolish and short-sighted policy, making it difficult for the immigrant either to join the already existing unions or to unionize himself. In this way the union played straight into the employers' hands. In some unions the immigrant was admitted readily enough, but in many others he was kept out so far as it was possible. Thus steel refused for years to admit the masses of foreign born unskilled workers.

So far as outside organizations were concerned the problem was even less well defined. Some, such as the settlements, had been doing Americanization work long before the term itself came into being. Others, however, sprang into existence as a direct result of what had come to be known as the "immigrant problem." These last, speaking generally, were of two types. One was entirely non-partisan, and endeavored to meet the immigrant on his own ground, supplying the particular educational needs which his peculiar status in this country had developed. The other was ostensibly like in purpose, but its method of approach was different. It tried to reach the immigrant through his employer. It endeavored to enlist the services of the Chambers of Commerce in its Americanizing campaign; it placed its circulars in the pay envelopes of employees; and especially, in times of strikes, it sent out speakers to spread the gospel of truth and light among the workers. I do not say that there was actually an ulterior motive in all this; doubtless it was only ignorance and natural bias, but it was dangerous, and it was to grow.

The public at this time was unawakened and unrealizing. When it thought of the immigrant at all it thought of him as as isolated individual and not in his relationship to the national entity. He was a Wop, a Hunky, a Polak, but never a potential citizen, and, as yet, not even a menace. Really the point of view the public took of him was not unlike the point of view of the slaveholder toward the slave, albeit it was quite unconscious. He was there to do the dirty work; that was all.

During the war all this underwent a radical change. The mind of the nation was focussed at one point, and through the intervention of the federal government the bars were let down and the immigrant was admitted to the fold. He was needed for our army, and for munitions work; his money was necessary for Liberty Loans, Red Cross Drives, and for the Y. M. C. A. He must no longer be considered an outsider or be permitted to consider himself one. Instant unification was demanded, and for the most part, was achieved. Employers, labor, agencies, and the public were concentrated on one task, and the immigrant instead of being a fifth element as before became simply a normal part of the other four. The government went out and reached him effectively through the papers of the foreign language press, about 1,200 in number, through the foreign language societies which, including their locals, ran up to 67,000, and through the leaders of the foreign language groups. In all this employers played their part, sometimes foolishly—as when their Americanization consisted of patriotic airs played in the noon hour—but usually sincerely. And the immigrant did not have to be forced. His opportunity to show himself as an inherent and integral part of the nation had come, and he took advantage of it promptly.

The Czecho-Slovak group, for instance, contributed about 125,000 men to our armed forces, the Hungarians about 7,000, the Italians nearly 300,000, the Jews about 225,000, the Jugoslavs about 20,000, the Lithuanians 35,000, the Poles 170,000, the Russians 20,000, and the Ukrainians 8,000 more. Nor were they less generous in their financial contributions, for if we cite figures of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fourth Liberty Loan only for a few of the groups already mentioned we find that the Czecho-Slovaks contributed from 70 per cent of their total population, the Hungarians gave $2,500,000, the Italians $150,000,000, the Jugoslavs $3,000,000, the Lithuanians about $12,000,000, the Russians $40,000,000, and the Ukrainians $1,000,000. As a result of this loyal and concentrated effort, of which the figures I have quoted give the barest idea, the immigrant was warmly applauded both by the government, by his employers, and his compatriots. He was made to feel that he had proved himself at a time of national crisis, and that consequently he belonged in the fullest sense of the word to the nation, with all its traditions and benefits as was surely only fair, considering that he had fulfilled its most stringent obligation. The immigrant had been tried and had not been found wanting, in spite of spy scares and alien propaganda hysteria.

It was during this period, however, that the general public suddenly discovered that there was such a thing as Americanization, and because their enlightment came at this particular time they regarded the reclaiming of the immigrant group as a certain by-product of the war. They seemed to feel that Americanization was something that had been born of the war peril instead of realizing that as a matter of fact the war had simply awakened them to a duty which had lain neglected for many years. As a result of this we had incidents such as the stoning by the Local Loyalty Legion of a little colony of Czechs who were celebrating the departure of their sons, brothers, and husbands to the war by wearing their national costumes, and singing their old folk songs. In another instance an ardent party of Americanizers was much put out because a foreign born woman whom they approached told them that she simply did not have time to be Americanized because her sons were all at the front, her husband was in the munitions works, and her daughters were out selling Liberty Bonds, leaving her to do the house work. These are not isolated examples; they are unfortunately all too typical. The average citizen had found something that he could do at home. If he could not fight the Germans abroad he could at least Americanize the immigrants in the United States, and he went at the last task in much the same spirit he would have applied to the first, had he been given the opportunity. Hence the psychology of Americanization began to solidify, to be fixed. It was something to be done to somebody by someone else. And then came the armistice.

Naturally enough during the war Americanization work in industry had received a tremendous impetus, just as it had everywhere else. Probably ninety-eight per cent of the employers of foreign born labor were doing Americanization of one kind or another by the fall of 1918. The number of outside organizations engaged in assimilation of some sort had likewise increased enormously, and it must be carefully noted that those agencies that sprang up as a result of the war took their tone from the war idea. They were less service organizations than self-constituted channels through which patriotism of their own special brand was to be poured like sacred oil upon the foreign born. Here then was a highly cultivated field for any able sower who might take advantage of the opportunity. It was Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer who came, and who administered the coup de grace to the situation.

Mr. Palmer was selfish, near-sighted, frightened, and misled. He evidently thought that if he could throw the nation into a panic, making it believe that every immigrant was a potential Bolshevist and bomb thrower, he could institute a program of anti-radical propaganda, for which feat he would be awarded the Presidential nomination. It was so clever that it almost worked. In fact, though Mr. Palmer himself was wholly discredited, the effect his pernicious activities had on the country has by no means worn away. At any rate he went at his task busily. He suppressed a number of foreign language publications, and harassed those he could not suppress; he raided foreign language societies wholesale, and, after he had raided, deported what was left. It was an intensive campaign carried on without mercy or justice, as it was instituted without reason. The effect both on the native and on the foreign born was prodigious.

The immigrant groups were panic stricken. Only a few months before they had been made to feel the warmth of gratitude with which the Republic greeted them during the war, and now, almost over night, the hand of fellowship had changed to the mailed fist of a despotism so like the one they had fought against in Europe that they longed to be back there again, now that the older tyranny had fallen. Their press was in peril; their educational organizations were broken up, and they were forced to seek refuge in whatever hiding places presented themselves, for if they congregated in public, for no matter what purpose, they were arrested and hailed away to jail as dangerous radicals and incendiaries.

The native born public who had at first coupled Americanization with the war, now that the war was over, yoked it with the anti-radical campaign, and Americanization soon came to be a synonym

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for suppression. All European traits and attributes were to be wiped out, and it was equally dangerous to wear a red neck-tie or to speak with a foreign accent. The events of 1919 and 1920 are so recent that there is no need to tell them over again here. It is enough to say that Americanization and anti-radicalism became interchangeable terms, and to remind the reader that radicalism in the public mind covered not only many sins, but an almost equal number of virtues.

Many employers and Chambers of Commerce were quick to see the opportunity chance, war, and Palmer had given them, and to turn it to their own account. In some instances, resolutions were passed which required that members of certain foreign born groups must declare their instant intention of becoming citizens or suffer the results of unemployment. Employers pointed out that our industries were in danger of becoming Bolshevised, and that our only safety lay in an immediate return to the industrial conditions of before the war. Nor was labor particularly helpful in this emergency, for it desired to stop immigration at any cost, and was not especially careful about the reasons it gave for the step.

It was inevitable that this crisis should influence the many outside organizations and agencies which had adopted Americanization programs, and which depended largely on wealthy people for support. Some of them were open about the fact that they were working with the employers, while others endeavored to mask their real purpose. Still more were simply fooled, and were and are being used as cat's paws in the industrial war.

We know pretty well what we may expect in the way of Americanization from the average employer. We are not likely to convict the United States Steel Corporation or the Standard Oil Company of pure altruism. If they are engaged in Americanization, as they are, we may take it for granted that they expect to get something out of it themselves. The spring is so obviously poisonous that we do not even consider the possibility of the well's being pure.

It is not very far otherwise with the American Federation of Labor. In their dealings with the immigrant they have always been biased, and have always considered their own welfare at the expense of whatever and whoever they imagined stood in its way. This is not the place we are likely to look for an unprejudiced point of view, even though we may prefer one brand of bias to the other. But with outside agencies and organizations such as the Y. M. C. A., the American Legion, the National Security League, the North American Civic League for Immigrants, the Inter-Racial Council, and others—how is it with them? Are they taking sides, and if so what sides are they taking? An examination of some of the more readily accessible data ought at least to give us an indication of the truth, even if it does not serve either to convict or to exculpate wholly.

It must be born clearly in mind that the following statements are by no means intended to constitute an attack on the organizations with which they deal. And so, "with charity for all, and malice toward none," let us begin with the Y. M. C. A.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT.

(*To be continued.*)

The Farewell

SHE opened the door of his office in the tentative way that was her substitute for a knock. She hated a sharp rap and an equally sharp "Come in," but she liked the little preliminary peep with which she took in the scene before she became a part of it. Also she liked the slow, expanding "You" with which he greeted her when he was alone.

However hurt or angry he was with her, an automatic reaction of gladness at the sight of her appeared in his eyes before he could control his expression into a suitably distant coldness. Today was the morrow of a reconciliation that had tired them both out and even then had not been quite complete. He always had a fundamentally sore feeling that she could do without him and he paid for the fact that she was a stimulant by the fact that she was also an irritant. She vitalized and accelerated him quite extraordinarily and yet she was in many ways almost intolerably disintegrating. He held her responsible both for his best work and his worst fits of illness. She was tender and inconsiderate, vain and intellectually honest, never deceiving herself, staggeringly truthful, straight without being frank, with irritating patches of what he called caution and she called reticence. She was cruel and wounding and hurt and offended by little things, and divinely magnanimous on big occasions. To the really unforgivable she always responded with triumphant forgiveness; if she made mountains out of molehills, she also made molehills out of mountains. The huge insults he had sometimes thrown at her she always accepted or rejected on their merits. They did not seem to touch her vanity because they had gone beyond it. And everything about her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mattered and did not matter because he loved her.

She was sitting at his table, fingering his papers and reading bits of them upside down. In all the many scenes she had had with him at that office she always seemed to have read things upside down, as if this unaccustomed effort soothed her nerves. He was sitting on the table with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the floor.

"I have come to say good-bye."

"Yes," he said.

"For six whole months."

"Yes."

"Which is a very long time."

"Yesterday you said that it was a very short time."

"Yes, but today is the eve of tomorrow and tomorrow I go."

There was a pause. He minded much more than she did. The six months would be crowded for her with vivid experiences worked out with all her inexhaustible vitality and curiosity. To him they would be a void, empty with the emptiness of her absence. Why then did *she* ask for a verbal protestation from *him*?

It was ridiculous, it was intolerable. He said nothing, resisting even the effect of her idle hand that lay limp and expectant on the table. He didn't even look at her but remained silently intrenched behind his resolute bitterness.

For weeks she could do without him, not needing him or wanting him, while his heart gave a great thump each time the telephone bell rang and his feverish fingers fumbled through every pile of letters, looking in vain for one from her. And then she would come and think she could buy back his faith with a few moments of her time, laughing at his reproaches and telling him not to make love a problem of arithmetic.

And always of course he was at the mercy of the sight and the sound of her.

"Do you think I don't want to believe? Of course I do, but for weeks now you haven't heeded me and you can't buy back my faith with a few moments."

"My dear," she said, "don't make us both wretched with your absurd arithmetic, weighing moments against hours, hours against days, days against weeks. It is a ridiculous way of calculating."

"I only long to be convinced." There was an infinite weariness in his voice.

She took his hand and laid it by her face and murmured caressing, reassuring words while he struggled with bitter memories and still he was only half-soothed.

"You are coming to tea with me," she said.

"Perhaps it is better I shouldn't."

"Don't you want to?"

"I don't know."

"You will be sorry tomorrow if you don't."

"I wonder."

"Will you come if I want you to?"

"Of course."

Her hand crept to his coat and gave it a little tug.

"Do be nice to me my last day."

"I don't know how to," he said, and then reluctantly and firmly he took her face in his hands and kissed her with a sort of relentless gentleness.

After that another silence fell between them, broken at last by a rush of conversation about nothing, or rather about everything, but themselves. He asked her what time her train left; what she meant to read on the journey. She asked him about his plans and prospects and the people he meant to see. They wanted to talk about one another, but to have a respite from the pitfalls of their personal relationship.

Feeling a little cowardly and very wise, they put infinite zest into their questions and answers, warding off with masterly skill the possible entry of reality into the conversation.

And then, "I must see Miss Green," she said. Miss Green was his secretary.

"Good-bye, Miss Green; I am going away tomorrow for months."

"I had no idea of that."

Miss Green, the typewriter, the books, the files —all were so familiar, so precise and intimate to her. She held Miss Green's hand.

"I shan't disturb you any longer," she said, and her voice sounded strange and choked unexpectedly. The blur in front of her eyes condensed into hot lumpy drops. "I mustn't disgrace myself," she thought, but her final good-bye was a broken affair.

As he saw her downstairs every bit of emotion fell from her, her eyes were dry, her voice was cool and she finished her sentences. For all this she was sorry.

"Do you know," she said "I nearly cried when I said good-bye to Miss Green."

"I didn't know you were so fond of Miss Green."

She stroked his hands a little and looked up at him with a smile that obliterated all bitterness.

"Neither did I," she said, as she drove off.

ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disraeli and Queen Victoria (II)

[This is the ninth of a series of eleven articles, taken from Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria, which are now appearing in the New Republic.]

AS time went on, and as it became clearer and clearer that the Faery's thraldom was complete, Disraeli's protestations grew steadily more highly colored and more unabashed. At last he ventured to import into his blandishments a strain of adoration that was almost avowedly romantic. In phrases of baroque convolution, he conveyed the message of his heart. The pressure of business, he wrote, had "so absorbed and exhausted him, that towards the hour of post he has not had clearness of mind, and vigor of pen, adequate to convey his thoughts and facts to the most loved and illustrious being, who deigns to consider them." She sent him some primroses, and he replied that he could "truly say they are 'more precious than rubies,' coming, as they do, and at such a moment, from a Sovereign whom he adores." She sent him snowdrops, and his sentiment overflowed into poetry. "Yesterday eve," he wrote, "there appeared, in Whitehall Gardens, a delicate-looking case, with a royal superscription, which, when he opened, he thought, at first, that your Majesty had graciously bestowed upon him the stars of your Majesty's principal orders. And, indeed, he was so impressed with this graceful illusion, that, having a banquet, where there were many stars and ribbons, he could not resist the temptation, by placing some snowdrops on his heart, of showing that he, too, was decorated by a gracious Sovereign.

"Then, in the middle of the night, it occurred to him, that it might all be an enchantment, and that, perhaps, it was a Faery gift and came from another monarch: Queen Titania, gathering flowers, with her Court, in a soft and sea-girt isle, and sending magic blossoms, which, they say, turn the heads of those who receive them." A Faery gift! Did he smile as he wrote the words? Perhaps; and yet it would be rash to conclude that his perfervid declarations were altogether without sincerity. Actor and spectator both, the two characters were so intimately blended together in that odd composition that they formed an inseparable unity, and it was impossible to say that one of them was less genuine than the other. With one element, he could coldly appraise the Faery's intellectual capacity, note with some surprise, that she could be on occasion "most interesting and amusing," and then continue his use of the trowel with an ironical solemnity, while with the other he could be overwhelmed by the immemorial panoply of royalty, and, thrilling with the sense of his own strange elevation, dream himself into a gorgeous phantasy of crowns and powers and chivalric love. When he told Victoria that "during a somewhat romantic and imaginative life, nothing has ever occurred to him so interesting as this confidential correspondence with one so exalted and so inspiring," was he not in earnest after all? When he wrote to a lady about the Court, "I love the Queen —perhaps the only person in this world left to me that I do love," was he not creating for himself an enchanted palace out of the Arabian Nights, full of melancholy and spangles, in which he actually believed? Victoria's state of mind was far more simple; untroubled by imaginative yearnings, she never lost herself in that nebulous region of the spirit where feeling and fancy grow confused. Her emotions, with all their intensity and all their exaggeration, retained the plain prosaic texture of everyday life. And it was fitting that her expression of them should be equally commonplace. She was, she told her Prime Minister, at the end of an official letter, "yours aff'ly V. R. and I." In such a phrase the deep reality of her feeling is instantly manifest. The Faery's feet were on the solid earth; it was the rusé cynic who was in the air.

He had taught her, however, a lesson, which she had learnt with alarming rapidity. A second Gloriana, did he call her? Very well, then, she would show that she deserved the compliment. Disquieting symptoms followed fast. In May, 1874, the Tsar, whose daughter had just been married to Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, was in London, and, by an unfortunate error, it had been arranged that his departure should not take place until two days after the date on which his royal hostess had previously decided to go to Balmoral. Her Majesty refused to modify her plans. It was pointed out to her that the Tsar would certainly be offended, that the most serious consequences might follow; Lord Derby protested; Lord Salisbury, the Secretary of State for India, was much perturbed. But the Faery was unconcerned; she had settled to go to Balmoral on the 18th, and on the 18th she would go. At last Disraeli, exercising all his influence, induced her to agree to stay in London for two days more. "My head is still on my shoulders," he told Lady Brad-

Copyright, 1921, Harcourt, Brace and Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ford. "The great lady has absolutely postponed her departure! Everybody had failed, even the Prince of Wales; . . . and I have no doubt I am not in favor. I can't help it. Salisbury says I have saved an Afghan War, and Derby compliments me on my unrivalled triumph." But before very long, on another issue, the triumph was the Faery's. Disraeli, who had suddenly veered towards a new imperialism, had thrown out the suggestion that the Queen of England ought to become the Empress of India. Victoria seized upon the idea with avidity, and, in season and out of season, pressed upon her Prime Minister the desirability of putting his proposal into practice. He demurred; but she was not to be baulked; and in 1876, in spite of his own unwillingness and that of his entire Cabinet, he found himself obliged to add to the troubles of a stormy session by introducing a bill for the alteration of the Royal Title. His compliance, however, finally conquered the Faery's heart. The measure was angrily attacked in both Houses, and Victoria was deeply touched by the untiring energy with which Disraeli defended it. She was, she said, much grieved by "the worry and annoyance" to which he was subjected; she feared she was the cause of it; and she would never forget what she owed to "her kind, good, and considerate friend." At the same time her wrath fell on the Opposition. Their conduct, she declared, was "extraordinary, incomprehensible, and mistaken," and, in an emphatic sentence which seemed to contradict both itself and all her former proceedings, she protested that she "would be glad if it were more generally known that it was not *her* wish, as people *will* have it, that it has been *forced upon her!*" When the affair was successfully over, the imperial triumph was celebrated in a suitable manner. On the day of the Delhi Proclamation, the new Earl of Beaconsfield went to Windsor to dine with the new Empress of India. That night the Faery, usually so homely in her attire, appeared in a glittering panoply of enormous uncut jewels, which had been presented to her by the reigning Princes of her Raj. At the end of the meal, the Prime Minister, breaking through the rules of etiquette, arose, and in a flowery oration proposed the health of the Queen-Empress. His audacity was well received and his speech was rewarded by a smiling curtsy.

These were significant episodes; but a still more serious manifestation of Victoria's temper occurred in the following year, during the crowning crisis of Beaconsfield's life. His growing imperialism, his desire to magnify the power and prestige of England, his insistence upon "a spirited foreign policy," had brought him into collision with Russia; the terrible Eastern question loomed up; and, when war broke out between Russia and Turkey, the gravity of the situation became extreme. The Prime Minister's policy was fraught with difficulty and danger. Realizing perfectly the appalling implications of an Anglo-Russian war, he was yet prepared to face even that eventuality if he could obtain his ends by no other method; but he believed that Russia in reality was still less desirous of a rupture, and that, if he played his game with sufficient boldness and adroitness, she would yield, when it came to the point, all that he required without a blow. It was clear that the course he had marked out for himself was full of hazard, and demanded an extraordinary nerve: a single false step, and either himself, or England, might be plunged in disaster. But nerve he had never lacked; he began his diplomatic egg-dance with high assurance; and then he discovered that, besides the Russian government, besides the Liberals and Mr. Gladstone, there were two additional sources of perilous embarrassment with which he would have to reckon. In the first place there was a strong party in the Cabinet, headed by Lord Derby, the Foreign Secretary, which was unwilling to take the risk of war; but his culminating anxiety was the Faery.

From the first, her attitude was uncompromising. The old hatred of Russia, which had been engendered by the Crimean War, surged up again within her; she remembered Albert's prolonged animosity; she felt the prickings of her own greatness; and she flung herself into the turmoil with passionate heat. Her indignation with the Opposition—with anyone who ventured to sympathize with the Russians in their quarrel with the Turks—was unbounded. When anti-Turkish meetings were held in London, presided over by the Duke of Westminster and Lord Shaftsbury, and attended by Mr. Gladstone and other prominent Radicals, she considered that "the Attorney-General ought to be set at these men"; "it can't," she exclaimed, "be constitutional." Never in her life, not even in the crisis over the Ladies of the Bedchamber, did she show herself a more furious partisan. But her displeasure was not reserved for the Radicals; the backsliding Conservatives equally felt its force. She was even discontented with Lord Beaconsfield himself. Failing entirely to appreciate the delicate complexity of his policy, she constantly assailed him with demands for vigorous action, interpreted each finesse as a sign of weakness, and was ready at every juncture to let slip the dogs of war. As the situation developed, her anxiety grew feverish. "The Queen," she wrote, "is feeling terribly anxious lest delay should cause us to be too late and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lose our prestige forever! It worries her night and day." "The Faery," Beaconsfield told Lady Bradford, "writes every day and telegraphs every hour; this is almost literally the case." She raged loudly against the Russians. "And the language," she cried, "the insulting language—used by the Russians against us! It makes the Queen's blood boil!" "Oh," she wrote a little later, "if the Queen were a man, she would like to go and give those Russians, whose word one cannot believe, such a beating! We shall never be friends again till we have it out. This the Queen feels sure of."

The unfortunate Prime Minister, urged on to violence by Victoria on one side, had to deal, on the other, with a Foreign Secretary who was fundamentally opposed to any policy of active interference at all. Between the Queen and Lord Derby he held a harassed course. He gained, indeed, some slight satisfaction in playing off the one against the other—in stimulating Lord Derby with the Queen's missives, and in appeasing the Queen by repudiating Lord Derby's opinions; on one occasion he actually went so far as to compose, at Victoria's request, a letter bitterly attacking his colleague, which Her Majesty forthwith signed, and sent, without alteration, to the Foreign Secretary. But such devices gave only a temporary relief; and it soon became evident that Victoria's martial ardor was not to be side-tracked by hostilities against Lord Derby; hostilities against Russia were what she wanted, what she would, what she must, have. For now, casting aside the last relics of moderation, she began to attack her friend with a series of extraordinary threats. Not once, not twice, but many times, she held over his head the formidable menace of her imminent abdication.

"If England," she wrote to Beaconsfield, "is to kiss Russia's feet, she will not be a party to the humiliation of England and would lay down her crown," and she added that the Prime Minister might, if he thought fit, repeat her words to the Cabinet. "This delay," she ejaculated, "this uncertainty by which, abroad, we are losing our prestige and our position, while Russia is advancing and will be before Constantinople in no time! Then the Government will be fearfully blamed and the Queen so humiliated that she thinks she would abdicate at once. Be bold!" "She feels," she reiterated, "she cannot, as she before said, remain the Sovereign of a country that is letting itself down to kiss the feet of the great barbarians, the retarders of all liberty and civilization that exists." When the Russians advanced to the outskirts of Constantinople, she fired off three letters in a day, demanding war; and when she learnt that the Cabinet had only decided to send the fleet to Gallipoli she declared that "her first impulse" was "to lay down the thorny crown, which she feels little satisfaction in retaining if the position of this country is to remain as it is now." It is easy to imagine the agitating effect of such a correspondence upon Beaconsfield. This was no longer the Faery; it was a genie whom he had rashly called out of her bottle, and who was now intent upon showing her supernal power. More than once, perplexed, dispirited, shattered by illness, he had thoughts of withdrawing altogether from the game. One thing alone, he told Lady Bradford, with a wry smile, prevented him. "If I could only," he wrote, "face the scene which would occur at headquarters if I resigned, I would do so at once."

He held on, however, to emerge victorious at last. The Queen was pacified; Lord Derby was replaced by Lord Salisbury; and, at the Congress of Berlin der alte Jude carried all before him. He returned to England in triumph, and assured the delighted Victoria that she would very soon be, if she was not already, the "Dictatress of Europe."

But soon there was an unexpected reverse. At the General Election of 1880, the country, mistrustful of the forward policy of the Conservatives, and carried away by Mr. Gladstone's oratory, returned the Liberals to power. Victoria was horrified; but within a year she was to be yet more nearly hit. The grand romance had come to its conclusion. Lord Beaconsfield, worn out with age and maladies, but moving still, an assiduous mummy, from dinner-party to dinner-party, suddenly moved no longer. When she knew that the end was inevitable, she seemed, by a pathetic instinct, to divest herself of her royalty, and to shrink, with hushed gentleness, beside him, a woman and nothing more. "I send some Osborne primroses," she wrote to him with touching simplicity, "and I meant to pay you a little visit this week but I thought it better you should be quite quiet and not speak. And I beg you will be very good and obey the doctors." She would see him, she said, "when we come back from Osborne, which won't be long." "Every one is so distressed at your not being well," she added; and she was, "Ever yours very affly, V. R. I." When the royal letter was given him, the strange old comedian, stretched on his bed of death, poised it in his hand, appeared to consider deeply, and then whispered to those about him, "This ought to be read to me by a Privy Councillor."

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(*To be continued.*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hiram Johnson At Large Again

SENATOR JOHNSON'S speech on the Colombian treaty was by far the most interesting of all made in the debate on that troubled child of diplomacy, whose fate was as hard and whose triumph finally was as sudden and complete as that of one of the late Oliver Optic's heroes. The Johnson speech was highly interesting at the moment, because it marked his escape from the prison builded of policies and political ambitions which he entered rebelliously on that day last June when Mr. Harding was nominated for President—the escape being emphasized, let it be noted, by the Senator's merciless pummeling soon thereafter of poor David H. Blair, of North Carolina, whom Mr. Harding chose for Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and by divers intimations of a general broadside against the Harding administration. It was more permanently interesting as a stimulus to speculation upon the play within the Republican party in the next two or three years.

Dwell first upon the pleasing human spectacle. It would have done your heart good to have beheld it, whether you always had been for the treaty, or always had been against it, or had about-faced, like Mr. Lodge. Not what Johnson said, but his joy in the saying. Bricks and bars do not a prison make comparable in black agony to that prison of a fervid, earnest-hating mind and tongue, the bricks of which are politics and the bars personal political ambition. And what a prison has been Johnson's since last June; and what a blessed chisel for escape was the Colombian treaty, and with what fierce, bursting elation did he wield that chisel.

Hear him shouting, as he works on and on to freedom: "We have demonstrated that we on this side believe that 'consistency is the vice of fools' "; and "you may sugar-coat this dose as you will"; and "if we have $25,000,000 to squander in the first act that a Republican administration does"; and "for reasons that before he [Mr. Lodge] never understood or knew during the pendency of the controversy, he would pay this remarkable sum"; and "the position of our leaders was that there was neither equitable nor just nor moral claim upon us; vociferously this opinion was voiced to the world year after year"; and "if it was a blackmail demand for seventeen years, tell me, some of you gentlemen whose views have undergone a remarkable metamorphosis, tell me when the blackmail demand shed its awful outer garment, and became a rosy-hued request."

How he loved it! You see, Senator Johnson wants to be President of the United States so intensely that it hurts. He cannot be a Democratic President, and he has had one experience with a new party which left a vivid impression on his quite practical mind, so he must be a Republican President. Now, to be a Republican President, one must be a very Republican Republican. Diluted Republicans are not eligible. Example: Roosevelt, in 1916; minor example: Johnson, in 1920. Therefore, having already against his record the sin of his Bull Moose days, the Senator last June must needs be very reliable and "go along."

Yet there was no nourishment for his vaulting ambition to be found within the prison walls of political conformity. Neither Johnson nor any other man of his stamp ever has been or ever will be given the Presidency by political leaders in reward for conformity, be it never so perfect. In his soul is an insatiable thirst for power and mastery. He cannot conceal it; it is evident to the casual acquaintance. And no such man is trusted by political leaders. When they agree to the nomination of such as he, good or bad, it is because agreement is definitely and markedly less dangerous than obstruction. So Johnson, on fire with longing for the Presidency, must break through his prison walls of political conformity, must make his appeal to the popular mind over the heads of the leaders, and necessarily must be in opposition to them, must be a rebel. But how to do it, without dilution of his Republicanism?

For months he sweat bile from every pore in silence. Toward the latter part of the campaign, he found some comfort in making speeches for Warren G. Harding that were one part commendation of Harding and nine parts denunciation of Elihu Root and the other intellectuals of the Republican party who had issued a manifesto to the country, that the way to get into the League of Nations was to vote for Harding. But those little pro-Harding and big anti-Root speeches could not bring Johnson freedom and peace and opportunity. When Congress met in December, he showed the effects of his imprisonment. There was a bit of pallor in his face; maybe a bit in his intellect.

He no longer made one think of a dynamic cherub. He became unwontedly lackadaisical. From his office to the Republican cloakroom, and from the Republican cloakroom to his office, he drifted, seemingly purposeless, seemingly melancholy. Between the entrance to the Senate and the door of the cloakroom he paused occasionally to glance over the Senate and to note the subject of debate, but it was the glance of one who treads some banquet hall deserted. It all was stripped and bare and dead for him. What mattered it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Senators debated appropriation bills, packer regulation and emergency tariffs? They offered him no escape from the imprisonment of party reliability. Not even when his own especial intimates in the Senate danced to the footlights upon the question of inauguration expense did escape appear. He who had missed could not limit the festivities of the favorite of the gods.

Escape seemed far away—maybe months would intervene. The possibility—the probability as many believed—that lay in Mr. Harding's following the Root idea as to the League had faded. And then the swift whirl of the wheel. From the White House, even before the President had got his new eight-foot bed and had made himself otherwise comfortable, came the call for ratification of the Colombian treaty. Ah, sunlight on the hills, balm of Gilead, and all other metaphors of release and soothed happiness! In the first place, fist-shaking defiance based on solid conviction; in the second place, the company of the old insurgent-progressives; and in the precious and tremendous third place, defense of the memory of Roosevelt, and the corollary of appeal to the emotions of some millions of Rooseveltians. He went to it with the rush of a Niagara. Out in the open before the world as a rebel, but his Republicanism undiluted. Escape! Freedom! Opportunity!

Turn now from sympathetic contemplation of the released prisoner to the political potentialities that loom behind his escape. What may it mean—his foot-looseness in the Senate; his completion of the sentence given him last June in the prison builded of politics and political ambitions? Between the coasts is a natural Republican majority; in that body is a majority accustomed to and looking for a popular leader. It had Roosevelt for years. Upon his death, it split three ways—part to the residuary legatee, Wood; part to Johnson, who claimed to be the true residuary legatee, but was denied by the executors; and part to Hoover. What it gave the three, in popular support, overshadowed all popular sentiment for others. The total of the strength of the three was an overwhelming majority of the natural Republican majority between the coasts. And, today, that force is still looking for a popular leader.

Conceivably, it will find him in the President. But it is improbable. Popular leaders are born, not made, and Mr. Harding has been in this world a long time without firing the popular imagination. Wood has been eliminated and knows it. Opportunity has stood before him for the last time. He is going to the University of Pennsylvania. Hoover is niched in an unspectacular department, and is a part of the public and political Harding. In the Senate, most of those who escape commonplaceness are reactionary, or old or ill. Borah is neither, but the country never knows when or where he will break loose, and that, plus his hat and his hair, makes him a prima donna. Appreciation of prima donnas is limited. In the House is nothing.

What then? There is Johnson. Basically, essentially, he exactly fits the bottom political mood and disposition of those who constitute the majority of the Republican majority—of those who followed Roosevelt. They are not radicals. There is not a really radical bone in nine-tenths of them. "Progressive" describes them exactly. They want to change some of the details, some of the methods, but they do not want to alter the principle in the slightest degree. They have no new ideas; they have new uses to which to put the old ideas, or new ways in which to make the old ideas work. They want to meet the demands of current public needs, but they want to meet those demands on the retail plan, not the wholesale. They would move by inches. And that is Johnson to a "t." He may be radical in his fingers, never in his heart; radical on the circumference of things, never in the centre. He may espouse a new agency, but he will never propose a new fundamental theory. He could live in Siberia twenty years, and come back home and fit perfectly into the "progressive" Republican scheme of things within twenty-four hours. His objectives and beliefs are precisely those of the great mass of average, prosperous Americans, possessed of a generous, go-ahead, but not too generous, not too go-ahead, attitude toward society's difficulties.

And he makes a temperamental appeal, too. These "progressives" are not cursed with an overrefinement. They like their heroes to eat raw meat in public once in a while. They loved Roosevelt's way of eating his, gulping it in great mouthfuls and striking a pose, face a-grin. Better than any other man in the Republican party, Johnson can do the Roosevelt trick. That is because, like Roosevelt, he really enjoys raw meat, and the subsequent grin is nature's own. And, give him his due, he is a bold and brave man, and honest—requisites also in him who would be the popular leader of the majority of the Republican majority.

Look at him! In complete harmony, essential things considered, with the majority of his party. And one of them, endowed with the enterprise and daring of the natural leader. Then look at the balance of the material for popular leadership in the Republican party.

JOHN W. OWENS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS BY WALTER DE LA MARE

The Corner Stone

Sterile these stones
By time in ruin laid,
Yet many a creeping thing
Its haven has made
In these least crannies, where falls
Dark's dew, and noon-tide shade.

The claw of the tender bird
Finds lodgement here;
Dye-winged butterflies poise;
Emmet and beetle steer
Their busy course; the bee
Drones, laden, near.

Their myriad-mirrored eyes
Great day reflect.
By their exquisite farings
Is this granite speckèd;
Is trodd'n to infinite dust;
By gnawing lichens decked . . .

Toward what eventual dream
Sleeps its cold on;
When unto ultimate dark
These lives are gone,
And even of man not a shadow remain
Of all he has done?

Karma

When thou art little as I, mother,
And I as old as thou,
I'll feed thee on syllabub, honeycomb,
And sweet milk from my cow.
I'll make thee a swan's-down bed, mother;
Watch over thee then, will I.
And when in a far-away dream you start,
My tongue shall sing, 'Lullaby!'
It's many, Oh, many an age, mother,
We have known us. But quickly now,
Thou shalt be happy, grown again young,
And I as old as thou.

Summer Dawn

One after other break the birds
From motionless bush and tree
Into a strange and drowsy praise
The flush of dawn to see.

Black ashen rooks, on ragged wing,
And heads with sidelong eye,
Sweep through the silvery heights of daybreak,
Silent o'er the sky.

The restless robin—like a brook
Tinkling in frozen snow—
Shakes his clear, sudden, piercing bells,
Flits elf-like to and fro.

Cock to cock yells, the enormous earth
Lies like a dream outspread
Under the canopying blue of space
Stretched infinite overhead.

Light on the wool-fleeced lambs pours in;
Meek-faced, they snuff the air;
The glint-horned oxen sit at gaze—
The East burns Orient-fair.

Wreathe up the melting mists of night
From meadows greenly gray,
Their every blade of grass ablaze
With dewdrops drenched with day.

The Truth of Things

"You might have told me the truth of things—
The truth of things, my dear . . . .
How softly the wind, as in pity, breathes
In these willows hoary and sere,
It must be pleasant to dream where the dead their mole-mounds rear.

"You might have told me the facts of life—
The facts of life, my dear . . . .
How blazingly looked that stranger's wife
With love. Why did he leer,
And writhe from her grasping hand as if from a tainted shape on a bier?

"You might have told me what's never told—
Never told, my dear . . . .
Those queer little gleams that were darkly rolled
From mother's eyes ere the day drew near
When they took her away for ever and aye. Are mine as strangely clear?"

The Spectre

In cloudy quiet of the day,
While thrush and robin perched mute on spray
A spectre by the window sat
Brooding thereat.

He marked the greenness of the spring
Daffodil blowing, bird a-wing—
Yet dark the house the years have made
Within that Shade.

Silent the rooms wherein no foot falls;
Dumb the dimmed portraits on the walls;
Reverberating, shakes the air
A river there.

Coursing in flood, its infinite roars
From pit to pit its water pours;
And he, with countenance unmoved
Hears cry:—"Beloved,

O, ere the day be utterly spent,
Return, return from banishment.
The night thick-gathers. Weep a prayer
For the true and fair!"

Who?

1ST STRANGER: Who walks on the hill?
2ND STRANGER: I cannot see for the mist.
3RD STRANGER: Running water I hear,
Keeping lugubrious tryst
With its cresses and grasses and weeds,
In the white obscure light from the sky,
2ND STRANGER: Who walks with us on the hills?
WILD BIRD: Ay! . . . Aye! . . . . Aie! . . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

"MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen: This meeting has been called, as every one within sound of my voice is aware, to protest against an inference. The public has lately been apprised, through statements printed in the public press, that certain college graduates, exclusively of the male sex, seeking employment in some of the enterprises conducted, and I believe I am warranted in saying successfully conducted, by Mr. Edison, were by him subjected to an examination or questionnaire; that these applicants for employment, some two or three hundred in number, failed, in all but an insignificant number of instances, to answer these questions to Mr. Edison's satisfaction. Whether Mr. Edison's questionnaire, regarded as a means of demonstrating a man's possession or failure to be in possession of general information, was well or ill conceived, is not a question at present before this meeting. We, college graduates of both sexes, are here to protest against the inference, too lightly and unthinkingly drawn by the public from the results of Mr. Edison's experiment, that college graduates as a body, that alumnae and alumni en masse, are fairly represented, in respect to their miscellaneous knowledge, by the egregious failures who have applied to Mr. Edison for work, who have been notably unsuccessful in such application, and who have seen fit to make, in the public prints, a parade both of their failure and of that exceptional ignorance which was, I say without fear of contradiction, its proximate cause.

"Do not, ladies and gentlemen, misconceive me. Let me for one brief moment pause to guard myself against misinterpretation. I hold, if you will pardon a figure of speech drawn from the current practice of the legal profession, no brief for Mr. Edison [applause]. I yield to none in my belief that a man's, and indeed I may sincerely add a woman's, readiness to answer all sorts and conditions of questions is not necessarily an index of her or his, of his or her, specialized ability. Let me make my meaning clear by a somewhat familiar illustration. On the second day of July in the present year, at a place somewhere in the neighboring state of New Jersey, an attempt will be made by M. Georges Carpentier and Mr. Jack Dempsey to ascertain, I believe in the presence of competent witnesses, which is the better man. At the present moment, as some of my more observant male listeners may have noticed, current prophecy as to the outcome is expressed, somewhat mathematically, by saying that the betting against the gallant French invader of our shores is 9 to 5 [groans]. With the accuracy of this forecast I shall concern myself no further than to remind you that a great man once said, "Whether there be prophesyings, they shall fail" [applause]. All I ask you here to consider is whether these odds of 9 to 5 would undergo any appreciable alteration if it should transpire that M. Carpentier, questioned by Mr. Edison, had exactly named the states which bound West Virginia, and that Mr. Dempsey, questioned by Mr. Edison, had failed to include Andorra in his list of the countries which bound France. Are you ready for the question [loud laughter, in which the speaker joins]?

"I see I need not put that question. You have answered it already. But, ladies and gentlemen, do not jump to the conclusion, merely because I have thus illustrated the irrelevance of Mr. Edison's questionnaire, that I am a partisan of those psychological tests which, having their origin in the laboratory, have lately established themselves in the outer offices of business enterprise and are the threshold of our armies. Such tests have their place. By means of them, when applied by trained psychologists, it is possible to learn whether a child, up to the age of fifteen years, is lagging behind, running ahead of, or proceeding pari passu with the normal child of the same age. But in what degree do such tests serve our purpose when we undertake by their aid to predict the immediate future of, let us say, that American citizen with whose immediate future a majority, or let me be meticulous and say a plurality, of our male fellow-countrymen are most concerned? Nay, let us leave these tests behind and proceed to a yet more modern psychology. I hold in my hand a text-book from the pen of one of our leading behaviorists. Among his suggestions toward the study of personality I find the following questions which I will now read: Are the individual's emotional reactions well balanced or is he over- or under-emotional; liable to be easily upset, becoming angry or violent or unduly retiring when certain topics are discussed? . . . Have there been strong attachments or antagonisms for any member of the family? . . . How many infantile emotional reactions and attitudes have been carried over into adult life, such as biting the nails, playing with the mouth and face, spitting? . . . Is he constantly talking of the many things he has to do or that he has left undone? . . . Does he sacrifice his work and responsibility to exercise his recreation and sporting tendencies? Ladies and gentlemen, I should now yield, if I had not already once yielded, to none in my admiration of the searchingness of this questionnaire. But would the answers, if we had them, tell us that which we most desire to know concerning the immediate future of our foremost citizen? Would they enable us to predict, any more exactly that we are now in a position to predict, that this year he will surpass his last year's total of home runs? By comparison with this that we crave to know, is not any other knowledge of Mr. George H. Ruth in the strictest sense irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial [cries of assent and concurrence]?

"Nevertheless, ladies and gentlemen, I would not be understood as blaming, in any sense of that verb, Mr. Edison for the method he has chosen or for the questions by which he has sought to apply it. Rather do I give him praise. Selection was his aim. And he has indeed selected. As if by a miracle he has assembled, out of all the living male graduates of all our higher institutions of learning [laughter], the only two or three hundred men who could have failed to pass his test with flying colors and bands playing. He sought to separate the chaff from the wheat. He has done so, beyond his expectation, by introducing into a single one of his offices, the country's entire supply of chaff. We thank him for that work. Many of us have rightly come to the conclusion that what the average college graduate suffers from is a plethora of general information. Bear with me but a minute more while I exemplify, in my own humble and average person, the truth of this assertion. I am not, as most of you have no reason for denying, what the world calls a successful man. Yet I dip my hand into this hat, in which M. Edison's questions have been placed, each on a separate bit of paper. I draw forth a few questions, wholly by chance, and proceed to answer them. Question: What is a monsoon? Answer: A small East Indian ichneumon, celebrated for its fighting qualities when pitted against the cobra. Question: Where is the Taj Mahal? Answer: When last spoken, in the Southern Pacific Ocean, the Taj Mahal, declining offers of assistance, was proceeding westward under her own steam. Her present whereabouts are unknown."

At this point the speaker, being pressingly invited to pause, did so, and the meeting adjourned.

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leonid Andreyev

When the King Loses His Head and Other Stories, by Leonid Andreyev. Translated by Archibald J. Wolfe. New York: International Book Publishing Company.

THE translator is to be commended for bringing to American readers one of Andreyev's most notable works of fiction—The Life of Father Vassily; but the two other major pieces in the volume—Judas Iscariot and Lazarus—as well as Ben-Tobith and The Marseillaise, have appeared before, leaving only two other new things, When the King Loses his Head and Dies Irae. There is some important Andreyev fiction yet to be put into English; and the Lazarus, great as it is, together with the rather insignificant Ben-Tobith and The Marseillaise, could well be given up for stories still inaccessible to American readers.

The Life of Father Vassily is a variation on Andreyev's main theme—the shriveling-up of man before the insurmountable walls of fate, the unknowable, and death. The contest in this particular story is with God. Father Vassily is a Job who is able to confront the wall of his fate, his sufferings, by clinging to the belief that God is preparing him for some glorious triumph during which he shall glimpse the unknowable, the eternal truth. But God fails him in his attempt to raise the dead, and he dies running along the highway in a fit of madness. Nothing but a miracle can pierce the wall of the unknowable; but to rest faith on a miracle is to be utterly mocked and beguiled.

The three stories, Judas Iscariot, Lazarus, and Ben-Tobith fall back alike on biblical material and suggestion. Andreyev himself remarked that the Bible was one of his great literary masters; he was especially attracted by the gospel narratives, of which Judas Iscariot is in part a re-creation. As is well known, Andreyev's Judas is a tragic and pathetic figure, who betrays Christ out of craving for a miracle, and out of faith that the miracle will surely come to pass, and that the people will be fully convinced that Christ is God. But the soul of Judas, like the soul of Father Vassily, is laid prostrate before the mute stare of the unknowable. Lazarus is one of the great terror stories of modern times. As Mrs. Browning said of Poe, so it may be said of Andreyev that he had the faculty "of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar." But the terror romancing of Poe's day, and the pseudo-science trafficking of our own, are feeble beside tours de force like Lazarus and The Red Laugh. "When Lazarus emerged from the grave wherein for the space of three days and three nights he had dwelt under the mysterious dominion of death," there was in the look of his eyes that same thing which caused Father Vassily to go mad and Judas to hang himself. Ben-Tobith is a trifle. It has a fine theme, namely, that in Jerusalem, "on that dread day when the cosmic injustice was perpetrated," there were plenty of people who were absorbed as usual in the trivial or personal cares of life. Something less ludicrous, however, than Ben-Tobith's toothache might have been chosen for illustration. It is an artistic offense against a fine theme. When the King Loses his Head, Dies Irae, and The Marseillaise are stories of revolution and liberty. In the first, the pessimistic note is struck in the fact that the people themselves are not real lovers of liberty, that they "merely fear the whip," that "slavery alone exists," and that the people continually prove traitors to themselves. Dies Irae chants upon man's love for prisons—man presumably so liberty-loving. An earthquake has occurred, leveling the entire city; and the prison is the first building to be repaired. "How fast dost thou build thy prisons, O Man! Still in ruins are thy churches, but thy prison is all finished." The Marseillaise is a four-page paean to the soul of a hero enwrapped in a weak and helpless exterior.

The preface contains something new: another variant for the date of Gorki's birth. There has always seemed to be some doubt about this matter. In a preface published nineteen years ago, Isabel Hapgood implies that Gorki himself does not know the year of his birth. General custom, however, has settled upon either 1868 or 1869. Now comes Mr. Wolfe with 1861, the possible variants of which are, then, 1860 and 1862. . . . And the translation is a little irregular. At times, Mr. Wolfe presses close to the power of diction and the prose rhythms of his author; at times, also, he lags far behind, losing entirely the tone of the original. Thus, in Lazarus, he speaks of Emperor Augustus as being "downed"; and, in Judas Iscariot, he has Judas address Christ as "sonny."

CLARENDON ROSS.

Zell

Zell, by Henry G. Aikman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THIS is an unusually fascinating and convincing novel. Into the sordidness of Avery Zell's thwarted childhood and the hesitant aspiration of his youth and maturer life the author injects a subtly ironic humor which saves the appeal from becoming mawkish or over-stressed. He is never too sympathetic with the weakness of his principal character, never too anxious to press the drab tragedy of compromise and discontent. In the gifted and sensitive Avery Zell are set forth the diverse aspects of aspiring mediocrity. And along with his breadth of feeling for the complexity of personality and situation Mr. Aikman shows a nice instinct for the essential scene. The realistic detail is hardly ever futile or insubordinate. While keeping the tone of vacillating struggle required by the character and theme the action is well-knit.

Avery is a likeable American boy of nine years when first introduced to us, singing with much gusto in the primary department at Sunday School in a Middle-West city:

> "You muss not play on Sunday, Sunday, Sunday.
> You muss not play on Sunday,
> God's holy day of rest."

Sunday clothes, a bath, a liver pill and a celestial March day had induced in the young singer a sense of ethereal exultation. Yet the mood is transient. From a high resolve to send his voice out so that everyone in the room might hear and be aware of him, Avery descends to a shamed self-consciousness as he looks ahead to the older children and shrinks from the humiliation of his primary state. The vocalized blue law loses much of its appeal as he encounters some ball-playing acquaintances on his way home. But there is the watchful eye of Agatha Zell peering through the lace curtains of the drug-store flat to descry any youthful impiety on the part of her son. And Avery obeys the crook of the maternal finger.

The boy and his sister, Winifred, are pathetically in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

volved in the quarrels and final divorce of their parents. Torn by a sense of loyalty first to the drunken father, then to the petty and jealous mother, Avery at the same time apprehends much of the vulgarity of it all and suffers keenly from the stigma of disgrace with which the affair brands the Zell family in the eyes of their neighbors.

The sensitive yearning and the lethargic rectitude of his childhood mark his engaging youth and determine his later life. He hates grossness and sham, but never quite enough to stir him to difficult action. He loves freedom and the joy of self-expression and a woman who belongs to the world of his finer ideals, but he has married his second cousin, whom he loathes, he is fond of his small son and wants to save the boy from such misery as attended his own youth. Also he is drawing a comfortable income from a conservative trust company.

So Avery gives up his dream of a career as a singer, falling back to that so common palliative, the illusion of a reasonable success after all. The conclusion is most consistent. If the boy had once had the spirit to revolt and take the consequence, if the youth could have turned his back on a contemptible music master instead of on his own ambition to sing, there might have been some chance for the man of thirty-five to fight his way out of a net of commonplace expediency, or else to face his defeat frankly for the thing it was. The author has looked well into the psychology of this comfortable, middle class failure.

Reactions among the various characters emphasize the theme and in most instances help the sense of balance and verity. There is Grandma Holmes coming valiantly to the children's rescue when her sentimental daughter is stupidly fumbling the divorce proceedings. Genial Bert Donnelly forms an effective foil for the elder Zell, and Inez Copeland's single-mindedness accentuates the wavering devotion of Avery. "Love unfulfilled is infinitely better than love cheapened," Inez tells him when he decides at the last minute not to go away with her. For her it must be a great love or none at all. It is part of the irony of fate that Winifred Zell should possess the courage and conviction which her brother lacks, at the same time being without his gifts and charm. The contrast between these two seems at times over consciously arranged.

Quite rarely one may resent a forced phrase, a pert cleverness, but the style is generally simple and vigorous. And the observant humor, the wholesome restraint, and the triumph of characterization are notable attributes for a second novel from a young writer.

R. H.

Personnel Administration

Personnel Administration, Its Principles and Practice, by Ordway Tead and Henry C. Metcalf. New York: McGraw Hill Book Company.

A READER of this book cannot fail to discover that the authors have given this subject a treatment which corresponds to the true meaning of the term, Personnel Administration. Unfortunately Personnel Administration, for most people, carries about the same connotation as "Employment Management," and this term means about the same thing as "hiring and firing" labor. To the authors "Personnel Administration is the direction and coordination of the human relations of any organization with a view to getting the maximum necessary production with a minimum of effort and friction, and with proper regard for the genuine well-being of the workers." The full meaning of this statement can be obtained only by reading the book. The "direction and coordination of the human relation . . . with proper regard for the genuine well-being of the workers" really involves the well-being of all people concerned in the industry.

From the beginning the study is grounded in science, with a view to establishing a profession with proper attitudes and standards. Psychology, sociology, and the most advanced business practice are called into play to show the importance which human values have in industry as well as the reasons for and the functions of a personnel department.

The best employment methods are developed as a mere preliminary to the real functioning of a personnel department centring its activities around health and safety, education, research, rewards, administrative correlation, and joint relations. The connotation of these terms has large or small import according to whether much or little knowledge, training, experience, and intelligence are present to support them. Fortunately the authors have much to contribute in all these respects. Health and safety involve the use of the best science in fixing hours and working periods, protecting the health of the worker, establishing standards of physical working conditions, and the enforcement of a safety program.

Industry as an educational process is only dimly perceived except by a comparatively few people. Ultimately entrepreneurs will come to regard it as "good business" properly to train employees, foremen, and executives. The authors have demonstrated how it may be done. Moreover, arousing interest in work, dealing with transfer and promotion, the establishing of shop rules, and the handling of grievances and discharge are all properly conceived as practical and technical aspects of calling out the best response from the working force.

The most progressive business concerns are recognizing the importance of research in industry. But as yet there is little appreciation of the importance of carrying it into every aspect of production, organization, and administration. Job analysis and specifications as a process of applying the best science in the attainment of production standards and the fairest basis of payment for work done will become of increasing importance as time goes on. With ceaseless research in these directions, the methods of paying workers may be adjusted with greater equity and one of the greatest sources of friction in industry minimized.

Thorough-going research soon demonstrates that labor turnover is a surface expression of factors which must be dealt with at their source. When such an approach is made to the problem, the definite reduction in the rate of labor turnover clearly serves as a barometer of permanent success.

In connection with recent industrial developments perhaps the most outstanding fact is the recognition that management is just beginning to learn the nature of its own truest and best functioning. Management has certainly not lived up to its opportunities in an attempt to cope with the growth in size and complexity of industry. For example, in fulfilling its chief function of coordination, how widely has it applied the fundamental principle "that every special

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interest directly affected by decisions concerning the operation of any enterprise or function should be a party to the making of decisions"? Upon how many operating committees making general policy will the chief executive, the production manager, the personnel manager, the sales manager, the treasurer, the foremen's representative, the workers' representatives be found? To the extent that management limits such representation it denies itself the cooperation necessary for effective and harmonious administration of business.

The admission on the part of management that a personnel department should stand on a par with a production department is a very new thing. Yet they are so closely related that "there is in any organization where personnel work is to be effective, need of a liaison body to bring together the production and personnel managers, technical experts, foremen, and workers for the consideration of personnel procedure and methods." The interrelation of production management, personnel administration, sales policies, and financial policies is all-important. Unless managers look in this direction for the increasing success of the business, they fall short in their functioning. They are obligated to create organization founded on sound executive principles for the attainment of the greatest coordination. The technique for the accomplishment of these results is at hand for those who wish to use it.

The war and the recurring phenomena of industrial prosperity and depression have demonstrated that the responsibility for coordination in industry does not stop with the individual plant. The maladjustments in a particular factory may be remedied comparatively easily. But the coordination in whole industries and between industries is a problem worthy of the mettle of the greatest executives.

Mobilization of industrial nations has opened a vista of the possibilities of the coordination of demand and supply and of the assistance which government can give in the regularization of industry.

There is evidence among all modern industrial nations of a new appreciation of the importance of joint relationships between employers and employees. Even in America where many concerns are using the shop committee as a substitute for dealing with trade unions it is recognized that management has the opportunity to enlist a new cooperation from the workers. Where the employers are willing to accord the employees the same right of association which they themselves utilize, the situation is favorable for the establishment of national councils and representative industrial government. Under such circumstances the trade unions prove a ready supplement in the process of collective bargaining and control in industry. Here again considerable technique and results accumulated from experience await the managers of industries who wish to profit by it. The authors have made a very valuable contribution in the treatment of this technique and experience.

As soon as those responsible for the administration of industry show the same readiness to introduce science in human relations in the conduct of production, as they have in the manipulation of things and in the organization of processes, the way is open to industrial peace. In short, personnel administration in its broadest sense has unlimited possibilities in industry for managers who know its principles and who seek to apply them in a scientific way.

ARTHUR E. SUFFERN.

So This Is Bohemia!

Ballads of a Bohemian, by Robert W. Service. New York: Barse and Hopkins.

HAVING successfully disposed of the Yukon and the Great War, Mr. Service now rents a garret in the Parisian Latin Quarter and tells us about this thing called Bohemia.

One does not, of course, expect poetry from Mr. Service. But the present volume must seem a little flat even to those debutantes and clerks who felt so strongly moved by the red blooded virility of the versifier's earlier works. When, for instance, he chants of the joys of being poor —when he glorifies the attic room, the ragged coat, the last ten sous—one is reminded of various recent glorifications of life in the army by patriotic lady authors. Through a hole in Mr. Service's ragged coat one catches a glimpse of silk underwear.

There are, however, as usual with Mr. Service, many quotable gems in this collection—many lines which linger deliciously, like the taste of garlic, after one has closed the book—my particular favorite being the following four lines from Noctambule:

> Full am I with cheer;
> In my heart the joy stirs;
> Couldn't be the beer,
> Must have been the oysters.

Musing over these lines one is minded to think of that other great Bohemian ballad writer, François Villon; one is almost tempted to hope that Mr. Service's emulation of that early bard will apply not only to Villon's method of enjoying this Bohemian life but also to his imagined manner of leaving it.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART.

Body and Soul

Body and Soul. A Play in Four Acts, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

IN The Truth About an Author, Mr. Bennett tells us how he "wrote three farces, giving two days to each," and, he adds, "no book of mine has cost me less trouble." It is evident that the writing of Body and Soul—a satirical farce in four acts—scarcely troubled him at all. Easily written, it is equally easily read, and if, like almost everything Mr. Bennett does, it is worth the reading, it belongs to that fraction of his work which weighs but lightly on the reader's memory. Here we have the Lady Mab, riding on society's foam, who takes all the London papers because she is usually "in" all of them. A spiritualist transmutation of souls experiment, Lady Mab changes roles in life with Blanche Nixon, recently a typewriter saleslady of unusual dash, and Blanche, as Lady Mab, addresses the crowds at the laying of the foundation stone of Bursley's Health Institute in startling terms.

About this frail scaffolding of a plot Mr. Bennett has tacked up a façade of spirited dialogue, of keen jabs at British society, of jokes mild yet brisk. He shows himself a master of artifice; his skill and his delight is to pad out the thin places with an indefatigable dexterity. He makes no joke, however feeble, without zest; there is no page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the author of "White Shadows in the South Seas"

MYSTIC ISLES OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

THIS new companion to "White Shadows" is the same sort of book as that South Seas idyll which has had and is still having such phenomenal popularity. If anything, it is even more diverting, more varied, richer in incident. Its scene is the island of Tahiti, which presented to the author a panorama ranging from the Coney Island-Paris kaleidoscope of gay Papeete to primitive hidden tropical Gardens of Eden, beautiful and strange. *With a wealth of illustrations from photographs. Price* $5.00.

THE RUSSIAN BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, PH. D., LL. D.

Author of "Russia in Upheaval," etc.

AT last a book which gives an impartial, objective, well-informed history of those ten tremendous months in Russia between the fall of the Czar and the breaking up of the Constituent Assembly. Professor Ross was in Russia when the revolution began ,having traveled thousands of miles to many points of the old empire. He has had, to supplement his own first-hand information, access to material concerning the revolution of the utmost importance. Professor Ross does not argue, he does not characterize either men or events. He presents the facts. The style is of course vivid, vigorous and just. *Illustrated from photographs.. Price* $3.00.

YE OLDEN BLUE LAWS

By GUSTAVUS MYERS

Rumors are rife that old Blue Laws will be revived! This book has more than a quaint, antiquarian interest; it answers the query: What do we really face if the Blue Law spirit prevails. *Price* $2.00.

OUTWITTING OUR NERVES

By JACKSON and SALISBURY

Psychoanalysis in terms of common sense and a wide experience in the actual treatment of hundreds of patients. The case histories of an extraordinarily successful sanitarium, which constitute an important section of the book, deal with every sort of disorder from so-called "nervous prostration" to total blindness. The book is good sense, good reading and good medicine. *Price* $2.50.

LOAFING DOWN LONG ISLAND

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

He walked. And found immense reward. Out of Manhattan down old, picturesque Long Island, irresponsible as to time and itinerary, ready for adventures and humors of the road he went. Charmingly illustrated by Fogarty. *Price* $2.50.

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY

By CAMILLE FLAMARION

Proofs of the existence of the soul independent of the body. The evidence offered, much of it from individuals in all parts of the world, is as intensely interesting as the testimony in some celebrated case in the courts. The excellent translation is by E. S. Brooks. *Price* $3.00.

MUST WE FIGHT JAPAN?

By WALTER B. PITKIN

Not a jingo book, but an alarming book nevertheless. It may shock the country into a realization that it is drifting toward another war; that we must inevitably get into it unless we resolutely make up our minds to think a way *out now* rather than fight our way out *later*. Professor Pitkin (of Columbia University) has been investigating the Japanese-American situation for two years. *Price* $2.50.

A HISTORY OF THE ADIRONDACKS

By ALFREE L. DONALDSON

The first complete history of the Adirondacks. This is the "definitive" Adirondacks history: delightfully readable, complete, with index, maps, bibliography, etc. *Fully illustrated. 2 royal octavo volumes. Price* $10.00.

At All Bookstores Published by **THE CENTURY CO.** 353 Fourth Avenue New York City

Please mention The New Republic when writing to advertisers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the play without trace of his obvious amusement with his task and his keen pleasure at doing it so skilfully. Yet scratch the surface of this frivolous piece, examine it closely, and underneath you will find something a little hard, a little sharp. For Mr. Bennett's mind, however relaxed and at play, is never softened; his intellectual equipment is like an assortment of knives, some of them very small and fit only to carve out trivialities, but none the less bright and polished and mercilessly sharp. However foolish the material it works with, Mr. Bennett's mind never yawns; it never misses fire, it has the tireless, accurate fluency of a machine-gun. His chief joy in life is to pull the trigger, and we scarcely believe him when he confesses—again in The Truth About an Author—that "my aim in writing plays . . . has always been strictly commercial. I wanted money in heaps. . . ." Well, he deserves it.

R. L.

Mr. O'Neill's Plays

The Emperor Jones. Diff'rent. The Straw, by Eugene S. O'Neill. New York: Boni and Liveright.

A NUMBER of things—for some of which Mr. O'Neill was not responsible—in the stage performance of the Emperor Jones, the color and dignity of Charles Gilpin's acting, the mysterious novelty of the scenery, the power of this dramatic experiment, left a series of unforgettable pictures on the mind. Had one been wise enough to come away before the end, the impression would have been better, for the last scenes were each less good than the one before, and each tried to squeeze a few more drops of effect out of a situation that was dry before the end came. And so the final impression was of a magnificent idea diluted and spread thin beyond its strength, ridden to the last gasp, a creation with its centre of gravity quite misplaced. Dazzled, even enchanted a little by the first scenes, one only half noticed that the words were not nearly so remarkable as the pictures built upon them.

If one liked The Emperor Jones on the stage, it would be a mistake to read it in cold print. For it would confirm one's suspicions about the words. In black and white no current runs through them; they are bare, charmless, a little poverty-stricken, and mercilessly to the point. It is like having been thrilled by some bright balloon a-sail in the sky, a little lop-sided perhaps, but none the less a strange and valiant experiment, and then later coming upon it sprawled flat upon the ground in its prosaic envelope and network.

One imagines that, like the Emperor Jones, the defects of the other plays in this volume would seem much less important on the stage. In them, too, Mr. O'Neill has a way of driving his point so ceaselessly, so ruthlessly into the mind of his listeners that after a while one feels much the same fatigue that is produced in the unwilling audience of a pneumatic riveter. Mr. O'Neill makes doubly, triply sure that no one is going to miss his meaning, and if undeniably these plays have power, it is too often the power of someone trying to make himself heard by a deaf man. There are no half-lights in Diff'rent or in The Straw, no gray shades, nothing small, nothing fragile or delicate. They are built of only the most obvious lumber—nothing less than two-by-fours, which are not so much fastened together by necessary nails as studded with the giant spikes of Mr. O'Neill's reiterated emphasis.

V. S. G. L.

Bernard Shaw on Keats

ONE of the most interesting things in the Keats Memorial Volume (John Lane) is the paper by Bernard Shaw. I remember wondering a long time ago, when I first became familiar with Shaw's theory of criticism and realized that he proposed to put in the first rank of literary masterpieces only those works which combined with artistic beauty some revolutionary assault on the ideals and institutions of their times, what he would have to say when confronted with a poet like Keats,—whom he had, so far as I knew, never mentioned. Keats, I thought, had no conceivable revolutionary intent and yet, since Shaw had a fine appreciation of poetry, how could he deny Keats's greatness?

Well, my question has been answered now and Shaw, it seems to me, has betrayed with unexpected plainness the *impossibility of his position.* For he first says that Keats is great because he wrote beautiful lines—"Keats's strongest lines are so lovely, and there are so many of them, that to think of him as a minor poet is impossible"—and then afterwards, falling back into his old formula, proves Keats to have been a social revolutionist on the strength of some stanzas in Isabella—"of which it may be said that if Karl Marx can be imagined as writing a poem instead of a treatise on Capital, he would have written" this one—finally concluding that, since, if the poet had lived, he would certainly have gone on to do more in the same vein, "Keats manages . . . to win a place among the great poets in virtue of a future he never lived to see, and of poems he never lived to write."

Here, then, we are confronted with two entirely different views: the utilitarian-radical view and its direct contradiction. On which account would Shaw have us believe that Keats was a great poet: because he wrote beautiful verse or because he attacked the middle class?

E. W.

Selected Current Books

John Keats Memorial Volume. John Lane.

A collection of articles and poems, by authors from Dr. Henry Van Dyke to Bernard Shaw, issued in celebration of the centenary of Keats's death by the Keats House Committee.

The Salvaging of Civilization, by H. G. Wells. Macmillan.

A set of essays on "the probable future of mankind."

The Tyranny of the Countryside, by F. E. Green. George Allen and Unwin.

A study of the land problem and the agricultural laborer in England.

The Mystic Warrior, by James Oppenheim. Knopf.

An autobiographical novel in free verse.

Contributors

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT is Assistant Director of the Foreign Language Information Service of New York.

ELIZABETH BIBESCO is the wife of the Rumanian minister to the United States and the daughter of ex-Premier Asquith.

LYTTON STRACHEY is the author of Eminent Victorians.

JOHN W. OWENS for a number of years has been the political reporter on the staff of the Baltimore Sun. Since the election he has been connected with the Sun's Washington bureau.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED